

New-York, May 4, 1838.

My dear Helen:

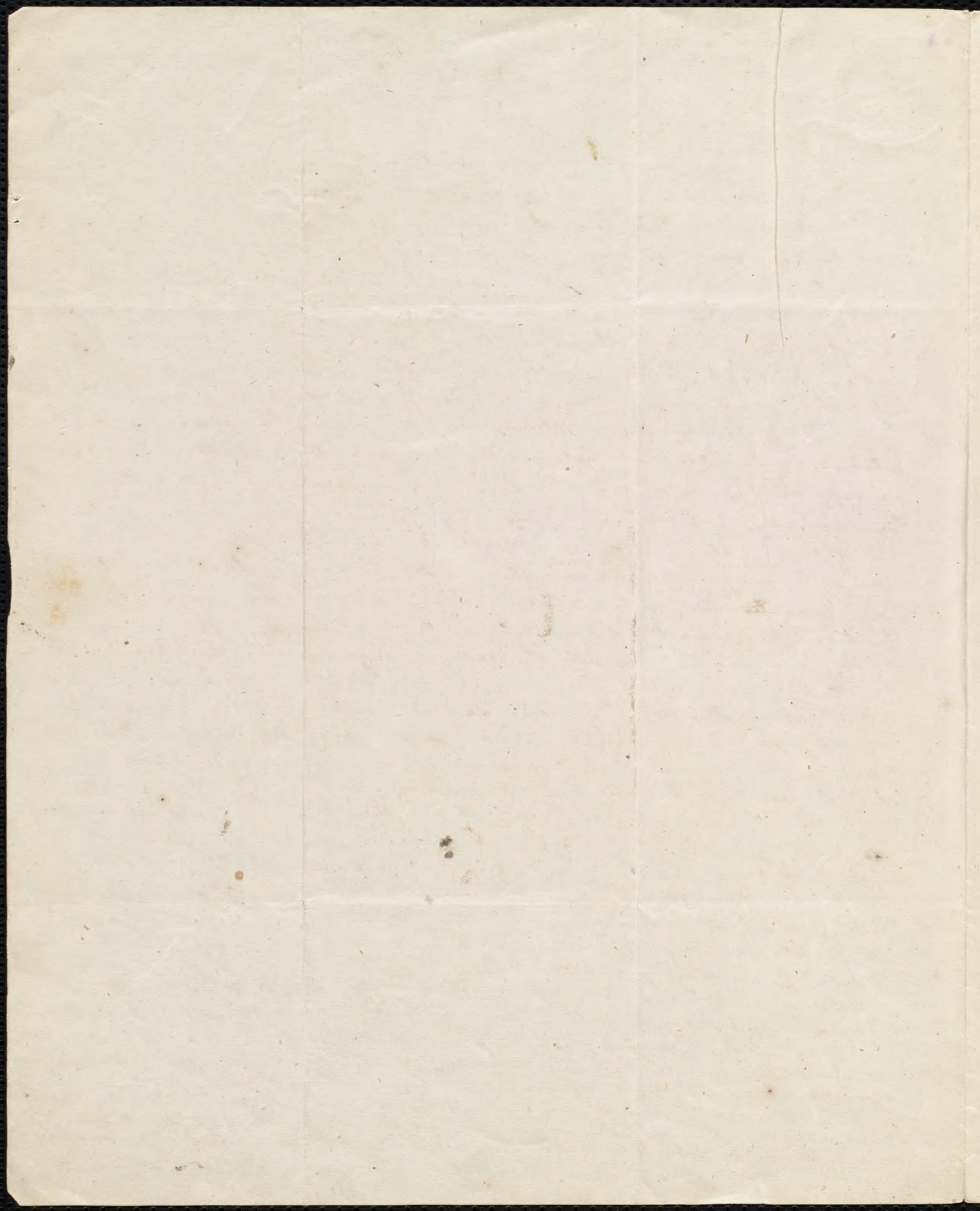
If I send you a line the very first opportunity, I am sure you will say, I could have done no better.

I arrived here this morning at 5 o'clock, having had a remarkably good passage. The distance from Boston to Providence, or rather from Boston to Stonington, about 90 miles, was accomplished in about 5 hours. We left Stonington in the famous steam-boat Lexington, the moon and the stars shining brilliantly. I had a very good berth, and slept pretty soundly all night. The company was numerous, but I knew not an individual on board, and kept very quiet all the way. Bro. George left yesterday for New-Haven, to see about the Legislature, and will not return. I am quite disappointed, in consequence. He supposed I should not be here. I have seen and shaken hands with Gerrit Smith, J. G. Birney, Judge Jay, Beniah Green, Lewis Tappan and family, Alvan Stewart, H. B. Stanton, Wm. M. Chace, S. J. May, Thomas Davis, and a host of others. This forenoon, there has been a very animated discussion between Alvan Stewart and Judge Jay before the delegates, respecting the constitutionality of slavery. It was very ably debated, but I think Jay had the best of ^{the} argument. Last evening, there was a discussion, I am told, on a peace resolution offered by Whittier, but it was voted down! — Bro. Leavitt made quite a war-like and very eloquent speech, and was replied to by Bro. May. Bro. St. Clair is here, well, and busy enough, I assure you. Tell his wife that I gave him the letter and things for him, promptly. May's letter to Julia Ann Tappan was also handed to her this forenoon. As yet, we have ~~to~~ hardly got the steam up, but shall no doubt soon — and I trust without bursting our boilers. Messrs. Chapman, Phillips, Loring and Philbrick will return home to-morrow afternoon. Bro. Weld is not here — but I have received an invitation to the wedding, signed by himself and Angelina. They wish you also to be present. I have a similar invitation for May. Tell her I shall be on the look-out for her on Tuesday, via Providence. There are several Philadelphia friends here, who seem to be very glad that I am going to the "city of brotherly love."

I know not, yet, where I shall stop in this city, having had no invitation — shall probably have to pay my board. These hasty lines have been written in the midst of great confusion, and are hardly legible. You shall hear from me again soon. I feel very well. Hope the dear boys are no worse for their cold — cover their soft cheeks with kisses for me. It is painful to be separated, even for an hour. My kind remembrance to all at home.

Yours, lovingly,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.





Mrs. Helen E. Garrison,
Care of Isaac Knapp,
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(Please deliver immediately.)

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